CANDOUR

The British Views-Letter

Founded by A. K. Chesterton in 1953 to defend National Sovereignty against the menace of International Finance

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POOR PERFIDIOUS JEWS PART II

by ROSINE DE BOUNEVIALLE

What is hate? 'tis not hereafter
Present war hath present slaughter
Peace the stuff will not endure.

With apologies to the Bard. Such being the case in the Lebanon, we would have thought that the Board of Deputies *of Jews in Britain* would be better judges of 'hate' than Dr. Gewirtz has shown himself to be in his response to the leading article in the July/August *Candour*, as reported in the *Jewish Chronicle* of 27th August, 1982:

BOARD ACTS OVER HATE MAGAZINE

The Board of Deputies has referred an issue of "Candour", a Right-wing magazine, to Sir Michael Havers, the Attorney General, for possible prosecution under the incitement to racial hatred provisions of the Race Relations and Public Order Acts.

"Candour" was founded in 1953 by the journalist A. K. Chesterton "to defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance".

Chesterton, who died in 1973, wrote several books on "the Jewish problem," race and economics.

He was founder of the National Front (which he left in 1971 because he feared the party was becoming too extreme), a leader of the British Union of Fascists, and a founder of the extreme Right-wing League of Empire Loyalists.

The issue of "Candour" referred to the Attorney General contained an article by Miss Rosine de Bounevialle entitled, "Poor Perfidious Jews".

Dr. Jacob Gewirtz, the defence director of the Board of Deputies, said the article was "most abusive and insulting to Jews, repeating antisemitic propaganda of the kind which led to the mass murder of millions of Jews by Nazi Germany.

"I fear that if hate-filled publications such as this one go unpunished, we shall begin to see a proliferation of racist literature in the United Kingdom on an unprecedented scale."

In Miss de Bounevialle's article, under the subheading "Manifestations of Evil." the first "manifestation" listed is "the practice of usury." The article continues: "No one, I think, will dispute the Jewish monopoly of the practice of usury . . ."

And in the same vein the article added: "The legislature; the legal and teaching professions; publishing, entertainment, advertising and big-money sport — all, of necessity, come under the same malign influence" (i.e. of the Jews).

Well, well. Anyone who read the article as we assume Dr. Gewirtz did must have found the yamulka fitting like the proverbial cap to take such umbrage at the mere mention of the evils of usury, and to conclude that all Jews are perfidious beyond redemption. Usury is not a practice that has ever been recommended in any society as a manifestation of brotherly love, even by its practitioners — they rather consider it as business being business. Nor, as we remarked before, is it a pursuit that is open to just anybody. The international banking fraternity is one of the most exclusive societies on earth; deliberately so, as will be clear to anyone studying the genealogies of "Our Crowd"* (i.e. the Schiffs, Warburgs, Kuhns, Loebs, Rothschilds, Rockefellers and company).

One cannot say that the evils of, and proceeding from, this virtual monopoly are too well known to engender astonishment among the populace — far from it; they are too *little* known, since any forthright exposition of them is as certain to bring forth accusations of "anti-semittism" from the Khazar minions as are measles to extrude spots. "Most abusive and insulting to Jews," says Dr. Jacob Gewirtz, when all we were doing, as our title suggested, was deploring the destructive practice of the perfidious ones and praying for their conversion. In "Prayer" or possibly "Thought for the Day" this morning, the speaker asked what is meant by loving one's enemies, and answered himself by saying it was to work for their good and not for their destruction. What more good could we try to do for any enemy than to convince him of the error of his ways and to pray for his conversion from the perfidy that leads him to practices that are intended to compass *our* destruction? And what other than enemies can we consider the founders and financiers of atheistic communism and all the terrorism flowing there from?

Our Crowd: The Great Jewish Families of New York, Stephen Birmingham (Longmans) 1968.

So — at the risk of again offending the trouble-shooter of the Board of Deputies *of Jews in Britain*, we must pursue the ever-intriguing topic of what gives these financial subversives their many-tentacled power from the years since the eighteenth-century Amschel of the Red Schield (ominous name) hawked his antique coinage to the Elector of Saxony, and afterwards so obligingly furnished loans at need, thus acquiring interest, honours — and larger borrowers.

Microcosm And Macrocosm

The trail might be most easily followed by looking at the microcosm of the Middle East saga and comparing it with the macrocosm of the Soviet communism saga.

It is unlikely that the idealistic supporters of Woodrow Wilson understood the connection between aid to the regicides of Russia and the terror of Deir Yassin followed by the establishment of Israel, anymore than the rebel American colonists who so gaily helped their French counterparts (as they thought) to freedom from monarchical thralldom saw the chain of events leading to the apogee of terror reached in France in 1792.

In Paris, at the so-called Peace Conference after the Armistice in 1918, the financial representation of the late protagonists included Warburg brothers on *both* sides: so reminiscent of the helpful Rothschilds enconsced in five European capitals including London during the Napoleonic wars and peace. Who were the Warburgs? Moses Warburg was the founder of M.M. Warburg's bank in Hamburg. His son, Aby, succeeded him, and *his* sons, Max, Felix and Paul were respectively partners in the Hamburg Bank *and* in Kuhn, Loeb and Co. of New York. Thus, the financial strings controlling both Germany and the U.S.A. were virtually in the same hands. With hindsight, we know that the *most* important target to be shot to pieces in the "Peace" treaties was the Anglo-French agreement ostensibly to enable Arab kings to replace vanquished Turkish overlords, and rule again in Arab lands. The presence in Paris of Colonel T. E. Lawrence (the hero and leader of the Arab revolt against the Turk begun and concluded on the promise of land restoration) made it inexpedient openly to repudiate the promise, but with Warburgs so thick on the ground some devious evasion was certain. The answer was the League of Nations and the Mandates. France to administer Syria and Lebanon; Britain, Palestine and Mesopotamia. The Arabs had to be satisfied with Iraq and Jordan.

It is easy to see how after the humiliation at Versailles, the departure of the Kaiser and physical and financial collapse, the Germans needed a Führer; perhaps it is less easy to see how equally imperatively the Jewish bankers needed a Hitler. Without some such figure of an "anti-semitic monster," the preponderance of Arabs in the Palestine population might have provided an everlasting obstacle to the diabolical progression. Somehow their numbers had to be reduced.

The operation began — as all others — in far-away New York, where Max Warburg who in 1919 had been on the German surrender delegation in Paris was, by 1930, moved to the United States where he founded the American Federation of Jews from Central Europe, which financed the migration to and establishment of hundreds of thousands of European Jews in America. This not only distended the "Jewish lobby" in New York, but created sudden diminution in the Jewish population of Europe, much of which was later attributed to "liquidation" by the infamous Nazis in that travesty of truth miscalled the Holocaust.

Max was soon joined by Paul; and the Warburgs, Schiffs and Loebs were busy marrying and multiplying each others' stock and goods. To Paul Warburg, America owes her incapacity to issue her own currency. He thought up the Federal Reserve Bank system which not only transferred the power to print and issue money out of the hands of the U.S. Government to the new bank whose stockholders are unknown to the public to this day — not only money issue but credit issue also became the monopoly of private banks controlled by the Jewish immigrants. This is the power that enabled the currency plates to be lent to the Soviet Union in 1945-6 to print the dollars required to finance the illegal immigrants to Palestine. These were funnelled through the United Nations Rehabilitation and Reconstruction Association. U.N.R.R.A. as it was familiarly referred to by the poor dupes who thought they had been fighting for their own countries. When General Morgan, head of U.N.R.R.A. made public this scandalous state of affairs, he was sacked and silenced. More direct aid for the necessary influx into Palestine of a sufficiency of Jews to make a majority came from Felix Warburg. In 1943 he had founded the Jewish Refugee Economic Group, presumably as an adjunct to the Jewish Agency founded in 1929 also by Felix Warburg. Both these organisations were formed for the specific purpose of establishing a Jewish Home in Palestine in the first instance, and a Jewish state *of* Palestine as soon as terrorist activities made it practicable. Not long to wait.

The ruthless Begin (who has forgotten more about terrorism than the Arabs ever knew) was backed by unlimited finance from New York, direct and via Moscow (Palestinians, please note: the Bankers need the P.L.O. as much as they needed Hitler. Right, Left or Centre: Red or Red, White and Blue — all draw their sustenance from the same source, obey the same masters, and act to the same end). Thus, was the Palestinian Mandate put under a terrorist siege such as we are familiar with in Northern Ireland today: the Khazar emigrants from Central Europe were celebrated in picture and story fetching up on the shores of Palestine as exhausted heroes surviving unnamable horrors nevertheless triumphing over every privation: the King David Hotel British Headquarters was bombed without warning; British soldiers were hanged from trees, their bodies booby-trapped to claim more victims; the inhabitants of Deir Yassin, men, women and children were slaughtered without mercy, *their* bodies used to pollute the well . . . nearly a million Arabs, seeing no help from anyone, fled from their homelands. The Jewish majority was an accomplished fact. The "home for the Jews in Palestine" became Palestine, the home *of* the Jews. Over the years, "gallant little Israel" added the West Bank, the Gaza strip, the Sinai, the Golan Heights and half Lebanon to the spoils of terrorist war. Only that useful piece of desert has been returned in exchange for a Nobel Peace Prize awarded the arch-terrorism-monger — Begin!

Miracle Required

Recently, whilst reflecting on "The Day of Atonement" on B.B.C. World Service, Rabbi Julia Neuberger emphazised that "repentance is unbelievably difficult." Thus, it appears, a miracle is required, since the perfidious Jews we are speaking of have not yet admitted that they have anything to repent of — in the social sphere at least. "Crimes against humanity" are laid exclusively at the doors of the goyim. Regardless of the unconcealable flood of "survivors", the cause of retribution for "the Holocaust" of six, seven, eight, ten million Jews (the numbers according to the taste and fancy of the story-teller) continues to be pressed through every bespoke medium. So-called war criminals are hounded through the years and countries with implacable fury: news bulletins, radio and television plays, documentaries, even a commentary on *King Lear* and, irony of ironies, a *Gathering of Survivors* are uniform in their reference to the comprehensive nature of "the Holocaust", gas chambers and all.

All this over-kill has one purpose only — to keep in being the terrorist-established, illegal state of Israel.

If the Banksters will go to these labyrinthan lengths to found and feed a malignant artificial growth in the Middle East, what will they not do to establish world-wide the hellish hegemony presently promoted as the liberal dream of heaven upon earth?

These last weeks the news of the billion dollar liabilities of Peru, Mexico and Brazil has led to solemn speculations(?) upon how the Banks can be saved without ruining the Third World or some such idiocy.

Those of us who have followed John Mitchell's campaign on behalf of "Our Country, Our Credit" will surely seize what appears to be a truly Heaven-sent opportunity.

Bust the Banks and the nations will take care of themselves. Perhaps not a miracle after all — just common sense.

LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER

Professor Prankerd of London University is the father of two of the youngsters butchered by Nkomo's savages in Rhodesia. We have no wish to add to his grief, but feel impelled to comment on the almost incredible liberal naivety displayed in his letter to the *Telegraph* on September 1st announcing the founding of a memorial fund. He wrote that he bears "no bitterness" to the criminals and psychopaths who now dominate "Zimbabwe" and wants the fund to provide finance to enable students from Britain to go overseas to study in Africa and elsewhere, as this was an opportunity which his own late children were "fortunate enough to be able to appreciate". All we can say is: and *how*!

PRINCE OF THE CASTLE

In an American interview, Prince Charles said he has always felt he had to prove himself as good if not better, than other people, and has never been able to stop so doing. That is O.K. But many effective princes and monarchs have found it enough to be courageous, pious, patriotic and just — or try to be; and, though often not brainy, if possible wise. Their function has been to reward such virtues in others — themselves being anyway *above* any rat-race or keeping up with the Joneses. The motto of the Prince of Wales, "Ich Dien", means "I Serve", not "I Am Top Whizz-Kid".

THE GREAT TABOO

by SIR BARRY DOMVILE

In normal times there is not much danger in the existence of Secret Societies in a free country. I have no inclination that way myself, but many people seem to get a kick out of belonging to something mysterious. The trouble only begins when a Secret Society comes under suspicion of trying to influence the national life in one way or another. History records many examples of disaster following such attempts. The very fact that a Society is secret increases the tendency to suspicion in the outside world, especially when the times are out of joint, as they are today. The greater the efforts needed to preserve secrecy, the stronger the suspicions aroused.

Such is the position of Freemasonry — the Great Taboo — in this country today. The dictionary says that Freemasons "Are united in Lodges for social enjoyment and mutual assistance." It does not explain why it is considered necessary to go into a huddle for these purposes. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works" — and emulate them. Why be secret about it?

New Interest

The publication of the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* in this country in 1922 was responsible for an interest in Freemasonry which had never previously existed. Its function as an essential auxiliary to International Jewry in the establishment of world communism is clearly explained in that unpleasant work. Owing to the interest awakened British Freemasons were at pains to announce their complete freedom from any political tendencies, and their dissociation from their continental brethren, whose mischievous activities in this direction were freely admitted by Grand Lodge way back about 1863.

Notwithstanding the denials, the damage was done, and suspicion grew. The majority of Masons believe honestly that the work of their fraternity is limited to the dictionary purposes quoted above. Many have assured me to that effect, and I would not dream of doubting their sincerity. One of them forwarded a ponderous volume which included many distinguished names, and asked me whether I suggested that any of their owners could be guilty of subversive action. On the other hand, several Masons have assured me with equal sincerity that there was something very wrong with their movement, which they could not understand, and which was causing them anxiety.

I am convinced that the truth is that very few Masons, and probably none at all in the lower degrees, have any knowledge of their Society's political activities, but to say that these do not exist is an insult to one's intelligence. Those with eyes to see and ears to hear can witness their influence at work in the Government Departments and the leading professions, without having to look further. It becomes even harder to keep a secret when you are not prepared to admit that there is any secret to be kept.

A leading article in *The Times*, in 1937, said that:— "British Freemasonry, unlike movements of the same name in other countries, is a purely sociable and charitable organisation, and could never be accused even by the most suspicious minds of possessing any political associations whatever. Its activities are wholly benevolent and altruistic." That seems to leave no room for doubt. And yet the late Earl of Harewood, when addressing a Masonic gathering in 1944 as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England, said that he hoped that:— "The principles of Freemasonry and their influence will be able to play a valuable part in the peace settlements throughout the world." I prefer to accept the Grand Master's word rather than that of *The Times*.

Why do I call Freemasonry "The Great Taboo"? Because of the effective control which its hidden masters exercise over the various aids to publicity; the Press, the libraries, the bookshops, and so on. A few years ago I wrote a book in which Masonry was criticised. I took the script to a well-known type-writing agency to be copied. A pleasant lady was only too willing to do the work: "No; they were not too busy." I caught a glimpse of a gentleman sitting in a back room, who might, I thought, take a different view. Sure enough, the script was returned to me the very next day, accompanied by a polite note saying that they had too much work on hand. I did my own typing on this occasion to save further rebuffs.

Then came the question of "vetting" for libel, an important detail in a book of that nature, written by one unlearned in the law. One barrister accepted the job, and his cheque. He returned the latter shortly afterwards, saying that he would fulfil his contract, if insisted on, but that he would rather be excused. Obviously there was no point in employing a reluctant scrutiniser. Eventually a more accommodating gentleman was found, who duly deprived me of some of my most cherished paragraphs.

It is natural to ask why I am certain that Freemasonry was the stumbling block.

Alas! Sad experience and a process of deduction. The Jewish question was the only other taboo mentioned, and that is so well ventilated today, largely by the Jews themselves, that it is no longer a genuine taboo. Any reference to Freemasonry is always resented, as anybody who writes anything critical of the fraternity can testify. After the book was published the expected difficulties in regard to reviews and sales were encountered, which are the lot of those who trespass on forbidden ground.

Germane Incident

I do not like introducing these personal matters, but the following incident is too germane to be omitted. When I was last employed at the Admiralty, one of my assistants was a Jewish colonel of Marines. He was a quiet, unobtrusive man, who did his work well, and who remained in his post for a longer period than the normal length of appointment. I liked him personally, but some of his brother officers, who were naval commanders, were disturbed about him. One of them came to me one day to ask whether I knew what the colonel was up to, as he was seldom to be found in his room, and seemed to spend most of his time amongst the Civil Servants employed in the Admiralty. I replied that he did his work very well, and that as long as that lasted I did not propose to enquire into his other activities. As a matter of fact, I did ask Authority casually what work the colonel was doing, which was unconnected with my department. I was told politely that it was special work, and none of my business. There the matter rested. I sometimes think that I should have been more inquisitive. Shortly before I was due to return to sea the colonel paid me a surprise visit, entering delicately like Agag on his summons to Samuel's presence, although, Heaven knows, he had none of Agag's little anxieties to make him apprehensive. However, his manner attracted my attention. He asked me, deprecatingly, whether I had ever thought of becoming a Freemason. Rather surprised, I gave him my reasons for not liking Secret Societies, and told him that I thought it was wrong for anyone in the employment of the Government, and owing his allegiance to the Crown, to join a Society about which he could obviously not be told anything in advance, other than the dictionary definition. He was too well trained to suggest that I should join in my own "interests," but he went as far as saying that perhaps I might like to think it over, and in the meanwhile he would leave with me a list of the naval officers who belonged to the Navy Lodge. This was a well got up little pamphlet containing many distinguished names amongst my brother officers, who evidently did not see eye to eye with me in this matter. I can only presume that I was meant to gather how well Freemasonry agreed with the professional health of a naval officer. I felt sorry to disappoint him. Shortly afterwards I went to sea. The Admiralty supplied me with an excellent naval secretary, who had volunteered for the job, and who had recently occupied the same post with the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

When I had been afloat for a few months I was offered a post ashore which was generally regarded as a naval terminus; the end of the road. In comes my secretary in a great state of mind. "What has happened?" says he. Then out it all came. When he had been "in the know," the arrangements for my future had been very different. Then I understood. The poor chap had come with me, in the firm belief that he had hitched his wagon to a star, only to find himself back on *terra firma* grasping an empty rocket stick. I felt awfully sorry for him: I also put two and two together. Whatever the correct answer. this experience of mine does show the undesirability of instructing officers to do work with which their official Chiefs are unacquainted, and also the mistake of allowing them to act as recruiting sergeants for a Secret Society whilst employed in a Government office.

I have given a few of the reasons why I beg leave to doubt the official announcement that British Freemasons have no connection with politics: I could give many more. Freemasonry has been the favoured child of Government for many years. For example, members of the Royal Irish Constabulary were forbidden to belong to any Secret Societies, with the exception of Freemasonry. That rather looks like a privileged position.

Holding the Sovereign and the members of the Royal Family in the utmost respect, I shall always regret that so many of them have seen fit to extend their patronage to this Secret Society: I should much prefer to have seen them remain aloof.

In view of all the precautions taken to achieve secrecy in regard to any official connection with the Government, I was surprised, to say the least of it, to see the stamps issued by the Post Office to celebrate Victory bearing unmistakable Masonic emblems. It was quite a new idea to me to announce the triumph of World Masonry through the medium of the General Post Office.

The 3d. stamp was particularly blatant: here His Gracious Majesty's portrait in profile was thrust

unceremoniously to one side of the oblong purple surface, instead of occupying a more seemly position in the middle, in order to make room for an assorted collection of Masonic emblems commencing right under His Majesty's nose with a dove carrying an olive branch (symbolic of the Ark), set square, compasses, trowel and so on, with a grape-vine affair which some of our visitors from Eastern Europe assured me represented the Grand Orient Lodge, that Master Organisation of Mischief Makers.

Disingenuous Reply

I wondered what the explanation of this curious aberration could be. I did not have long to wait. A friend sent me a copy of a letter received by his Member of Parliament from the Assistant Postmaster General, from which I take the following extract:—

> "In the instructions which were given to the artists who were asked to submit designs for the Peace Stamps it was suggested that the main motive of the design should be peace and reconstruction rather than military victory.
>
> In Mr. Reynold Stone's design for the 3d. stamp, Peace is depicted by the dove carrying an olive branch while a set square and dividers represent Planning and a brick-layer's trowel and bricks represent Reconstruction. The instruments, it will be agreed, are typical of things seen in everyday use, while the dove is mentioned in the book of Genesis, Chapter VIII, verse II, when carrying an olive leaf in its mouth, it flew back to the Ark over the devastated earth.
>
> No doubt it is for these reasons that the Freemasons adopted them as Masonic symbols but they certainly typify other things as well as Freemasonry."

No doubt, Mr. Wilfred Burke, but your explanation is just a wee bit too disingenuous for a tough old bird to swallow. Surely someone amongst the many "Passed to You's" who must have had a preview of the stamps could have warned the Postmaster General of the risk of undesirable misinterpretation he was running by selecting this particular design. However, I would not have missed the explanation for worlds, a regular Civil Service gem, especially the heavy irony concealed in the Biblical reference. That must have delighted many hearts over a cup of tea and a biscuit. The only improvement I could have suggested would have been the inclusion of a doggerel rhyme of earlier days, when a certain popular song was much in vogue

> "Noah looked out of the window,
> Of his well-constructed Ark;
> And said as he gazed with fervour,
> O'er the waters wild and dark;
> To Shem, and Ham, and Japheth,
> My sons, I was not wrong;
> Here comes the dove with the olive branch,
> NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG."

Nevertheless I think it was ill-advised on the part of Masonry to advertise its power so plainly: furthermore, if we are witnessing a Masonic victory today, it makes one wonder what a defeat would have been like.

When first I saw the stamps I came to the conclusion that Masonry thought that the moment had arrived to discard secrecy and to announce its complicity in the great Victory. But I no longer believe that. Today it must be even more desirable than ever to draw a veil over the Masonic connection. If, as many believe, International Jewry and its handmaiden, Freemasonry, have played a big part in recent years in shaping British policy and thus helping to produce our present humiliating position in the councils of the world, there might well be some awkward questions of the nature of High Treason for politicians to answer.

When a British Government succeeds to office, it does not get a mandate from the people to allow an influential section of the populace and a Secret Society to take a hand in the direction of the National fortunes. Individual members of the Government are entitled to hold whatever peculiar views on Internationalism they may happen to fancy, but this does not mean that they can experiment with their nostrums on the unfortunate public without running the risk of being called to account for their actions. Their interest must be concentrated, first and last, on the destiny of their own people. They may be filled to the brim with the milk of human kindness, so that it curdles any brains they ever possessed, but they must not expect to be allowed to practise their obsessions at the expense of the general public without being held to blame if things go awry .

In its own interests, I hope that Freemasonry will hold an enquiry upon itself. In a healthy country there should be nothing to hide in regard to the activities of an Association so widely spread as Freemasonry; they should be just as open to discussion as the weather or the prospects for the Derby. Unfortunately the political side of Masonry demands strict secrecy, because it is obviously quite irregular, and has no right to be included in the national machinery.

In any case I do not think that any employee of the Government, in whatever capacity, should be allowed to belong to a secret society of any

description. As a nation, we are engaged in struggling to regain our feet after the follies committed by our politicians, and it is quite wrong that there should be any more secrecy than is entailed in the ordinary conduct of international relations. Away with all unnecessary taboos.

A MAN OF VISION

"Cobbett was not merely a man with a lot of 'nonsensical notions that could be exploded by political economy'; a man looking to turn England into an Eden that should grow nothing but Cobbett's Corn. What he saw was not an Eden that cannot exist, but rather an Inferno that can exist, and even that does exist. What he saw was the perishing of the whole English power of self-support; the growth of cities that drain and dry up the countryside; the growth of dense, dependent populations incapable of finding their own food; the toppling triumph of machines over men; the sprawling omnipotence of financiers over patriots; the herding of humanity in nomadic masses whose very homes are homeless; the terrible necessity of peace and the terrible probability of war; the wealth that may mean famine, and the 'culture' that may mean despair; the bread of Midas and the sword of Damocles. In a word, he saw what we see, but he saw it when it was not there. And some cannot see it — even when it is there."

—G. K. Chesterton on William Cobbett.

William Cobbett's HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION is a sensational account (by a Protestant) of the Reformation's traumatic effect on English history over 300 years. Only £5 from Britons Catholic Library, 44 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RA.

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HANG ON TO YOUR BATS

An Englishman's home is his castle
A cliché I used to believe
Which came with tradition's own parcel
Like the heart that is worn on the sleeve.

The Englishman's heart is so trusting
So ready to fall for the lie
That his nation is bankrupt and busting
And ready to lay down and die.

But Englishmen sometimes get shirty
Have last minute changes of heart
And the mindbenders — seen somewhat dirty —
Have to re-think and make a new start.

An Englishman likes legislature —
So let's have an inocuous Act
To align him with some furtive creature,
His distaste and his home — make a pact!

There must be an English subconscious
Where each little prick takes its toll
And mounting a Gaderene onrush
All make for the subversive whole.

The Englishman's home made farcical
A castle to share with some bats,
By a law that's at once so comical
And dignified as are dusty doormats.

The Englishman needs a Pied Piper
To wean from the places on high
Not the bats from their upsidedown caper
But MPs who make pie-in-the-sky.

B. E. BIGGS.

The B.B.C. gave time to the proponents of a recently-passed Commons Bill which awards bats the status of a "protected species". Apart from never killing them, one must allow them to breed freely should they happen to take a fancy to nesting in one's loft! It is even forbidden to block any entrances in the hope that they will move elsewhere. The "open sesame" edict is on the grounds that parent bats out on the hunt must never be prevented from getting back to succour their young. In other words, if you've got 'em, you keep 'em! A spokesman for this latest "persecuted" minority assured listeners that their festering, stinking droppings are, in fact, all right. Unlike birds, their stools are dry and brittle — "quite pleasant to handle," he ad ised — so there is no problem if one's loft should sag under a welter of it all!

A COMPILATION OF TALENT

by B. E. BIGGS

Am I a "camp-follower" (of poetry) who doesn't know a poet from a pig's posterior? Or is Mr. Alex Anderson's prosy commentary in *Dowry* no. 2* a kind of "Emperor's New Clothes" insinuation as to the perfection of the verse foregoing in that issue? Elitist stuff is not for this reviewer. The emperor in his nakedness can smack of elegance; the poem can lack perfection and yet have wide appeal. There is sincerity in simplicity; the poem can be catholic without being corn.

The lovely word-pictures of Anderson and Anthony Cooney have to be repeatedly read — and aloud — for this protesting reviewer to be dragged into the vivid imagery of such gifted poets. On the other hand, C. G. Do's "Ode to a Woman Priest" is as meaningful as a straight-left, whilst Leslie Garrett's two contributions are as unavoidable in intention as is a right-cross.

It was relaxing to read "Winter" by the versatile Dewi Hopkins; to be carried along within a symmetry of 'sound' like that of a well-tuned engine — no 'big-ends', 'tappets' or 'timing' incursions to disrupt or distract from the easy-ride. Likewise, H. O. B. O'Neil's smooth-running efforts albeit both confined to the constricting mesh of 'freedom'.

One would have liked this compilation of natural talent to have equated the overall profundity with the lighter touch. However, the only serious criticism is the clumsy presentation. The stapled/duplicated sheets of *Dowry* do no justice to the splendours it contains. Moreso, it is taking economic necessity too far to have a saga interspersed with "Cont'd next page"! Even worse was the maltreatment of Fionnuala Coffey's "Contemplation" by the "Sunday" grafting. In this case, "Cont'd FROM foot of next column" would have been equally abysmal but less mystifying than the utilised editorial trap for the unwary reader.

*A Catholic (Roman and Anglican) poetry magazine, available from The Gild of St. George, Rose Cottage, 17 Hadassah Grove, Lark Lane, Liverpool L17 8XH for 50p.

CANDOUR Vs. THE REST OF THE WORLD

Candour is not the house journal of any organisation and so gives support to the efforts of individuals and magazines wherever this is considered justified. Such a policy has not meant that we necessarily support *every* aspect of their activities. Evidently, we are skating on exceedingly thin ice, for over the past year we have received complaints from several readers who have not liked our advertisements for *Nationalism Today* or *Sussex Front* or *Spearhead* or *Focal Point* or *Phoenix* and so on. Our latest correspondent says he notes that in the September issue "to an even greater extent than usual the lame dogs and the misfits of the British Right receive praise, support and a platform from which to air their views." We do not have the slightest interest in turning *Candour* into a firing range whereby the printing of a three or four-line advertisement results in literary bullets being fired at us by whoever dislikes the target of the month. So please — *ceasefire*! We have more important work to do than fending off your missiles — *The Editor.*

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Subscribers! Why don't you help boost *Candour's* income, secure some worthy Christmas presents at discount prices and help recruit friends and acquaintances to the Cause by taking advantage of our specially reduced book sale?

For a limited period only, we are able to offer the following bargains:

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